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My Beautiful Irish Maid

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

We stand together, you and I, where we stood years ago,
Beneath the same blue Irish sky, our hearts with joy aglow,
You promised, then, you would be mine, in all your charms arrayed.
I'm here to claim you for my own, my pretty Irish maid.

CHORUS.

Oh, my love, how I've waited and longed for you, dear;
Time has not changed you, your beauty will never fade;
I'm here to claim, love, your promise of long, long ago;
You are to me, my own, my beautiful Irish maid.

I know the love you gave me then is just as fond and true,
Those eyes of yours speak hope again, sweet eyes of Irish blue.
I know you'll keep your promise, love, tho' stars above may fade;
Through storm and shine I've come to you, my pretty Irish maid.—Chorus.

YOU CAN'T FOOL THE DUTCH

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Calahan is a neighbor of mine, he lives next door to me;
Not a cent he pays for rent, while I pay twenty-three;
A Dutchman, who owns me house, of course, owns Calahan's as well;
How he gets out of paying the rent is more than I can tell;
I've just got information from my cousin Dan Mauree,
Who says that Calahan, some day, the Dutchman's heir will be;
I think he's hypnotized him, if there's any such a thing,
When Calahan wants a dollar or two, he's only got to sing:

CHORUS.

Oh! you can fool the Scotchman, and can fool the French,
And you can all fool the English, if you know how to commence;
The Chinese and the Dago, well, they don't amount to much—
You might fool the Irish, but you can't fool the Dutch.

Now, the poor Dutchman some time ago was taken sick, poor man,
Thought he'd die, so hy and by he sent for Calahan.
Says he, "My old friend, I have no heirs: I'll deed all I have to you."
"It's the wisest thing," says Calahan, "I think, that you could do."
The Dutchman soon got better, then, bedad, he had no home;
The property that once was his, now Calahan did own;
And he pays rent (the same as I) to Calahan, you see;
And it's every month he calls for it, and this to me does sing:

CHORUS.

Oh! you can fool the Scotchman, and can fool the French,
And you can all fool the English, if you know how to commence;
The Chinese and the Dago, well, they don't amount to much—
You can't fool the Irish, but you might fool the Dutch.

FORGET THE PAST

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Words by Hattie Anderson. Music by Geo. E. Appel.

Nell and I had quarreled, as young couples do;
I was madly jealous, and thought she was untrue;
She received a letter from an old sweetheart,
And I said, "We'd better henceforth live apart!"
I was rashly violent, in my jealous pain;
She was proudly silent, and would not explain;
So, in bitter anger, we each went away,
Though our hearts were breaking, neither one would say:

CHORUS.

Dear, I am sorry I gave you pain;
Come, kiss me, darling, and be friends again;
I will love you only, dear, while life shall last;
Darling, forgive me, and forget the past.

After years of silence, my Nell passed away—
Nestling on her bosom, two tear-stained letters lay;
O'er, the fatal missive that had wrought such woe,
And for me the other, written long ago—
"Husband, I will tell you, now we are apart,
All about that letter from an old sweetheart—
It was from a sister, who had gone astray,
But you were so bitter, that I would not say—Chorus.

KATY MAHONE

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

In that little brown cottage that stands over there,
Dwells my sweet Katy Mahone;
With her beautiful nature and soul full of love,
Oh, she has my heart alone.
If ever you met her, oh, then you'd not blame me
For loving her as I do,
For who, in this world, has ever been known
To realize love that's tender and true.

REFRAIN.

Oh, Katy Mahone, I'm yours alone.
Why keep me waiting for you?
Give me your heart, as well as your hand,
And I'll keep it safe for you, Katy.

Now, time may change all things, but never my heart,
It will remain the same.
And be not like the beautiful snow when it fails,
To go with the very first rain.
But more like the beautiful ivy that creeps,
As around the old rrin it springs;
Time cannot efface it, or lessen its love,
For the older, the closer it clings.—Refrain.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

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Words and Music by Frank Addis Kent.

One day in Spring I called upon my sweetheart, young and fair;
I found her in the garden then, her father, too, was there;
Her Pa was spading up the ground, asked me to take a hand—
I worked until I almost dropped—my love said, "Ain't he grand?"
CHORUS.

Spades were trumps! Spades were trumps! I was solid with my love;
Spades were trumps! Spades were trumps! Oh, she said I was a dove;
Her father said I was the stuff: I cared not if the work was rough;
If of her love I got enough—spades were trumps! spades were trumps!

A month had passed, I called again upon my sweetheart fair;
I found her in the garden then, another minn was there;
A rival for my darling's hand, a man of wealth was he,
For on his hands and in his shirt, the diamonds sparkled free.

CHORUS.

Diamonds were trumps! Diamonds were trumps! he was solid with my love;
Diamonds were trumps! Diamonds were trumps! Oh, she said he was a dove;
Her father said he was the stuff: I thought on me 'twas pretty rough,
For of her love he got enough—diamonds were trumps! diamonds were trumps.

I stood it for a little while, and then my blood was up;
I went outside and got a club—said I, "I'll warn the pnp!"
I clubbed him till he howled with pain—her father stopped the row.
My darling said she'd take me back—she said she loved me now.

CHORUS.

Clubs were trumps! Clubs were trumps! I was solid with my love;
Clubs were trumps! Clubs were trumps! Oh, she said I was a dove;
Her father said I was the stuff: I cared not if the fight was rough,
If of her love I got enough—clubs were trumps! clubs were trumps!

It was not long, I called again upon my sweetheart fair;
I found her in the parlor then—her family were all there;
A minister was there to tie the knot that made us one,
And "hearts were trumps," and trumps till last, till tay'ling days are done.

CHORUS.

Hearts are trumps! Hearts are trumps! I am married to my love;
Hearts are trumps! Hearts are trumps! Oh, she says I am a dove;
Her father says I am the stuff—I fought for her, the fight was rough,
But of her love I get enough—hearts are trumps! hearts are trumps!

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By W. D. SMITH.

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PHOEBE

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Words by Thos. Le Mack. Music by Andrew Mack.

Tell me what you does with all your money, says Phoebe;
Tell me how you gits rid of all your money, says Phoebe.
I takes out the dice and rolls dem, so; is dat you seven? Mm, Mm? No, no;
Oh, dat's de way my money does go, Phoebe.

REFRAIN.

Oh, oh, oh, please lemme know, Phoebe, if you love me, tell me so;
Oh, oh, oh, please lemme know, Phoebe, if you love me, tell me so.

CHORUS.

Stars are shining, the moon am climbing, meet me, Phoebe Jane;
Come, my honey, I'se got money, and we'll take the train.

When the wint'ry winds begin to blow, says Phoebe,
Nothing then in sight for to eat but snow, says Phoebe.
I gathers the money layin' 'round, you saves yours up and I saves mine down;
Oh, hold your job, we'll own this town, Phoebe.—Refrain & Chorus.

THE Sidewalks of New York

Parody by Will H. Barry.

Song for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Down on Dinn Casey's old brown, wooden stoop,
The boys, when on a jag, at night were sure to coop;
Lyng there together, none of them could walk,
While the "Guinea" slobbed the chestnuts on the sidewalks of New York.

CHORUS.

This side, that side, staggering 'round the town,
We won't go home 'till morning, London bridge is falling down.
Out on a bum togher, me and Rummy Rorke,
Skipped and spoiled our faces on the sidewalks of New York.

That's where Johnny Casey won Oppie Dilllock's cow,
With Jacky Krouse, the beggar, who's always out for dough;
Pretty Nellie Shannon, with a head as light as cork,
Tripped and fell fantastically, on the sidewalks of New York.—Chorus.

Things have changed since that time, some are up the spout,
Other's they are up in jail, with no one to ball them out;
They would part with all they've got, and with envy they would gawk,
To see a bum, chock full of rum, on the sidewalks of New York.—Chorus.

A CRUEL HISS

Parody by Al. Overton.

Song for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

We left New York one summer's day, my old pal Jack and I,
For we were on the hog, you know, and thought the road we'd try;
We just blew in a million, which we both had in our minds—
We lost our minds in search of work, now our money we can't find.
Our first stop it was Hoboken, a nice town, I don't think;
If a fellow stops there over night, next day he'll take to drink.
My pard and I we found a place beneath an old woodshed;
Says Jack to me, "Come, let's bunk in and rest our weary head."

CHORUS.

Only a kick from a Dutch copper's boot,
Only a good swinging punch in the snoot—
The cop had his girl making love in the shed;
He thought we might queer him, so he left us for dead.

Now we have wandered many miles, we've traveled on our front;
We've had our share of trouble, boys, while for the grub we'd hunt.
At "slamming gates" you bet we're good, we're always out for "graft";
When farmers tell us to saw wood we always have a laugh.
"Tie many moons since we have worked, the word gives us a chill—
If someone offered us a job I know we'd both get ill.
When we were boys it was not so, for we were light and gay,
But cigarettes and lager beer have put us here to-day.

CHORUS.

Only two tramps that are out for a meal,
Only two bums, always ready to steal;
Of all the towns that we have worked, New York is the best;
For "free graft" and "hang-outs," why she beats all the rest.

McGINTY at the Living Pictures

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Words and Music by Joe Flynn.

Dan McGinty went into the opera show,
With his old wife Mary Ann,
And he took a front seat, near the middle aisle,
Amongst the bald-headed clan;
But he wasn't prepared for the sights he saw,
And he laughed with might and main,
When the living pictures came to view,
Why he nearly went insane.

CHORUS.

When he saw the Sleeping Beauty, why he got such a shock
You could hear his heart a-ticking like an eight-day clock,
Then he danced and he pranced, and says he, "I've been to France,
But that's the finest sight I ever saw;"
Then his eyes bulged out, he began for to shout:
The gallery boys they hollered, "Put that Zulu out."
Then his wife grabbed his feet, pulled him under the seat,
So he couldn't gaze upon the living pictures.

CHORUS.

When the girl who posed as Venus, with her form so grand,
You could hear McGinty holler 'way above the band,
Then say he, "Mary Ann, you will lose your old man
If you don't be quick and take me out entirely;"
When he saw the lady bathers, he jumped like a hare,
It took nine ushers for to hold him in his chair;
Then he whispered, with a grin, "Mary Ann, go take a swim
With the lady bathers in the living pictures.

CHORUS.

When he saw the other picture we thought sure he would die,
It was Adam and Eve gazing up to the sky,
Then he hollered, "Mary, dear, oh, why did you bring me here,
I can never love you now the way I need to;"
Then he looked at Mother Eve, and loudly he bawled,
"Be golly, you'll be chilly when the snow does fall;"
Then the ushers grabbed him nice, stuck his head in a pail of ice,
Just to keep him cool while at the living pictures.

CHORUS.

Then he leaped and he creped, and he took another peep,
And the way he carried on made the audience weep,
Then his wife says, "Dan, do come home like a man,
If you must have living pictures, I will do them;"
But he didn't hear her speak, he was off in a trance,
Standing on a chair, doing the "Hooch Coochy" dance;
When the last girl posed, why they had to turn the hose
On McGinty, when he saw the living pictures.

Walking on de Rainbow IN DE SKY

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Words by Chas. Edwards. Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

I went up to heaven, Peter wouldn't let me in,
Walking on de rainbow in de sky.
He said, "No, nigger, you're loaded down with sin,"
Walking on de rainbow in de sky.
It's a crooked road, you have to stand in line,
No pushing or no shoving, you must take your time;
When Peter shakes his head, 'tis then de bells will ring,
And you hear de angels sing:

CHORUS.

Come all you children, come all you children,
Come all you children, we will reach there by and by;
Oh! come along you children, come along all you children,
And you had better not slip, or you will cut your upper lip,
When you're walking on de rainbow in de sky.

A big fat nigger, and his name was Samuel Right,
Walking on de rainbow in de sky;
As black as coal, and always full of fight,
Walking on de rainbow in de sky.
Peter said to Right, it's chickens you did steal,
And grabbed 'em by the neck, so they couldn't squeal,
Then Peter slammed the gate, and all de bells did ring,
Then we heard de angels sing:—Chorus.

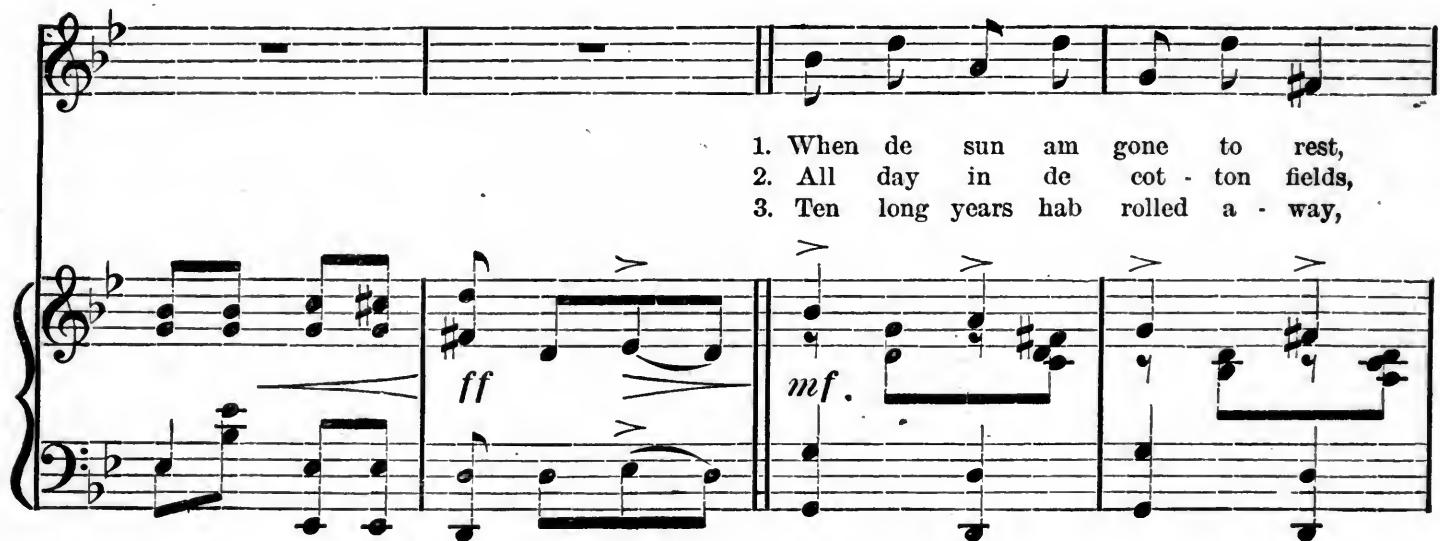
When it rains up in heaven all de niggers have to work,
Walking on de rainbow in de sky;
A hose in your hand, you wear a big red shirt,
Walking on de rainbow in de sky.
To wash de clouds, and make the stars to shine,
From evenin in de morning until after nine,
And when de sun am out, and all de bells do ring,
Then you hear de angels sing:—Chorus.

SUSIE, DO YOU LUB ME?

Ethiopian Song and Chorus.

Words and Music by FRANK ADDIS KENT.

Allegretto.



1. When de sun am gone to rest,
2. All day in de cot-ton fields,
3. Ten long years hab rolled a-way,



Far be - hind the hills,.....
'Neath de broil - ing sun,.....
Since dose moon - light nights,.....

And de dark - ies work am done,
Sam - bo works and thinks ob her,
Sam and Su - sie's on de place,



McNALLY'S OLD BACK YARD

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Words by Charles Edwards. Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

Right across the Brooklyn Bridge, on the east side of the town,
Little Joe, he will meet his beau, and he takes her by the arm,
On their way they meet Nell and May, along with Julie Worth,
And every night you'll find them in McNally's old back yard.

CHORUS.

Sweet, little Annie O'Connor, along with Tommie McCue,
Making love together, as the boys and girls all do,
And beautiful Nancy Clancy, she is the belle of the ward,
And every night you'll find them all in McNally's old back yard.

Summer's night, when the moon shines bright, the man in the moon sees all;
Johnnie Dean plays the concertine, Nellie Grady sings a song,
Mollie McGuire, who sings in the choir, along with Annie Hart,
And every night you'll find them in McNally's old back yard.—*Chorus.*

The Face upon the Barroom Floor

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

The summer eve was balmy and a goodly crowd was there,
Which well nigh filled the barroom on the corner of the square;
And as the songs and stories came upon the twilight air,
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed with wistful air.
"A drink!" he cried, "that's what I want—I'm but an artist poor—
Once I was rated clever and my fortune seemed secure,
But never mind the happy past, the days I'll see no more—
Just let me draw a face I knew upon this barroom floor!"

CHORUS.

The face upon the barroom floor, she whom I did adore,
On her fell no balm till a false friend came and entered our cottage door.
Look down at sweet Madeline, forever my heart's bright queen;
That face from my heart nevermore shall depart, the face upon the barroom floor.

"Fill up again, mine host," he said: "put life into my frame;
I'll tell you how it came about, my ruin and my shame;
The picture of a bosom friend, with skill, I painted well;
She, gazing on the dreamy eyes, asked me his name to tell.
I brought him to our cottage door and he turned her from my side,
And with his prey he safely sped across the ocean wide.
You ask me why I drink, and why I'm rugged, rough and poor?
Just look upon that woman's face upon the barroom floor!"—*Chorus.*

"Good friend, another drink, I pray—one more before we part;
I'll draw another picture of the face that's in my heart.
Perhaps it seems unlikely that the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman or expect her to love me."
He drained his glass, and, chalk in hand, began again to trace
The shapely lines of beauty of that unforgetable face;
Then, turning 'round with wild eyes they would wish to see no more,
With dying shriek he fell across the face upon the floor."—*Chorus.*

When We're Married BY-AND-BY.

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Words and Music by Charles Edwards.

There's a little maiden that I love, and she's all the world to me,
Ev'ry Sunday evening, at her home, my love I call to see,
As we stroll out together, with love's light in our eye,
For she loves me, and how happy we'll be, when we're married, by-and-by,
When we're married, by-and-by, yes, my sweetheart, you and I.

CHORUS.

When we're married, by-and-by, yes, my sweetheart, you and I,
For you love me and I love you, and we'll be happy, by-and-by.

The days seem long in coming when we'll wed, and the time goes slowly by,
When we'll walk on roses to the church, and the parson the knot will tie,
And the bells will chime in time for my darling, you and I,
And when it's done, two hearts in one, when we're married, by-and-by.
When we're married, by-and-by, yes, my sweetheart, you and I.

CHORUS.

When we're married, by-and-by, yes, my sweetheart, you and I,
For you love me and I love you, and we'll be happy by-and-by.

He Got the Rinkey Dink

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Words by Chas. Edwards. Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

A maiden fair with millions there, a young man gay and bright,
Thought that he would propose to her one lovely summer's night;
He asked her hand in a manner grand; she said, "Give me time to think."
And when he called again on her he got the "Rinkey Dink."

CHORUS.

Oh, he got the "Rinkey Dink," yes, quicker than a wink;
He was building castles in the air, and all day long in a glass would stare.
Oh, he got the "Rinkey Dink," and he didn't have time to think;
It's a good thing, Paul, so push it along, or you'll get the "Rinkey Dink."

A young man who was homeward bound one lovely day in May,
And chanced to look, a pocket book, how nicely it did lay,
So large and fat, he looked at that, to pick it up did think;
Oh, he felt glad, he heaved a sigh, but got the "Rinkey Dink."—*Chorus.*

For a fine wife that was advertised an old man called one day,
And young, so fair with golden hair, to ask for Lilly Fay;
He knocked at the door on the top floor, and to himself did wink;
Instead of young she was forty-one—he got the "Rinkey Dink."—*Chorus.*

I met a man with ring in hand, and to me he did say:
"I found this ring, it's a grand thing; buy it, and you'll look gay."
I bought the ring like a silly thing, and didn't even think;
Oh, what a crash, the ring was brass—I got the "Rinkey Dink."—*Chorus.*

OH! HOW I LOVE SWEET KATHLEEN

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Words by Charles Edwards. Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

Within our flat there dwells a maid, she's all the world to me,
And in my sleep I speak of her, and her sweet face I always see;
With a smile so sweet, she'll always greet, she's my little Irish queen;
When by her side, I'm filled with pride, for I love my sweet Kathleen.

Oh! how I love sweet Kathleen, and she's all the world to me;
She is my only guiding star, and married soon we'll be;
Her eyes like diamonds shine, and her heart is love's retreat;
I wish it were time when I could call her mine, for she's all the world to me.

Together, sparkling, every night you'll see us at the door;
In a little while you'll miss her smile, for we will stand there no more;
A little cot will be our lot, for she's my little queen;
There's not a girl in all the world can equal my Kathleen.—*Chorus.*

HE MARRIED RILEY'S BRIDE

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Words by Charles Edwards. Music by George C. Edwards.

Oh! Riley was an alderman, and soon was to be wed;
The boys they played a joke on him, which nearly killed him dead;
So in the morning papers, Riley read the news next day,
His would-be bride, his joy and pride, from him had run away.

CHORUS.

Oh, he married Riley's bride, and at Riley the gang all cried;
Sweet Kate O'Flynn, so tall and thin, away from him did slide;
And all the live-long day, at him the gang they all would say,
That Linpey Dan O'Hoolehan had married Riley's bride.

Now Kate O'Flynn, who promised him, just heard the news that night;
She heard the gang, they loudly sang, and mad enough to fight,
So he ran to tell the alderman that there was something wrong,
And as she ran along the street, the kids did loudly call:—*Chorus.*

When Kate went in, her arms she flung around poor Riley's neck;
She said the crier, they all were lies, their lone lives tried to wreck,
So there and then, like noble Ben, we'll have a little cot;
Send for the man, and as we stand, be married on the spot.—*Chorus.*

HOW NICE THAT ALL MUST BE.

COMIC WALTZ SONG AND CHORUS.

Tempo di Valse.

Words and Music by HARRY S. MILLER.



1. When the moon has lit the gloom and stars be - gin to shine,
2. 'Neath the trees you sit at ease, your dar - ling by your side,
3. While Dad's asleep, the girl you meet some oth - er night as fair;
4. Soon a home get of your own, where you and lit tle wife.....



Whip - poor-wi', from o'er the hill, his ev - 'ning song does chime,
'Round her waist your arm is placed, and sil - ly words are tried.....
Down the lane you go a - gain, and love to her de - clare.....
Live quite gay, as months pass 'way, en - joy the best of life.....



There's No Place Like the Old Home After All

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When I left school long years ago I was a wayward child,
I took delight in any sport which happened to be wild;
Kind parents never could control the mischief strong in me,
Till, heedless of their good advice, I ran away to sea.
I thought of all the happiness that now would surely come,
When I should be away from those who ruled me when at home;
But after all the weary years that since have passed away
My thoughts return to those at home, and tearfully I say:

CHORUS.

It may not be a mansion with roses 'round the door,
It may not have a parlor with carpet on the floor;
But when you're far away in sorrow you will say:
There's no place like the old home after all.

In many foreign lands I've been since I began to roam,
Yet I have met no friends who could compare with those at home;
There naught but loving words prevail, in sickness or in health,
And anxious parents welcome you in poverty or wealth.
Then wayward sons and daughters have a thought for parents dear,
To-night at home your vacant chairs will cause them many a tear;
So nourish and protect them while this earth they are upon,
You'll miss the dear old folks at home when they are dead and gone.

CHORUS.

It may not be a mansion with roses 'round the door,
It may not be a parlor with carpet on the floor;
But when you're far away in sorrow you will say:
There's no place like the old home after all.

HOW NICE THAT ALL MUST BE

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

When the moon has lit the gloom and stars begin to shine,
Whip-poor-will, from o'er the hill, his evening song does chime,
Then you start, with happy heart, your darling girl to see;
Perhaps she'll wait for you at the gate—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

You take her arm within your own, down the lane together roam
To love's retreat, and there, alone, beneath some favorite tree,
You tell her she's your turtle-dove, swear to her, by all above,
That she's the only girl you love—how nice that all must be.

'Neath the tree you sit at ease, your darling by your side,
'Round her waist your arm is placed and silly words are tried.
On your breast her head does rest, of course there's none like she,
You can't resist to steal a kiss—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

With happy heart your steps retrace—as you gaze into her face.
A smile of love you may there trace, a smile that is meant for thee.
But still the stars shine bright above, homeward going with your love,
The old man's waiting with a club—how nice that all must be.

While dad's asleep, the girl you meet some other night as fair,
Down the lane you go again, and love to her declare.
You caress, she answers, "Yes," to questions asked by thee;
At last 'tis said and you're happy made—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

Then soon the happy day does come, then, of course, you're both made one,
And really glad the thing is done, to that you will both agree.
You start to take her to her home, you know you can't get in your own,
And by her dad the door you're shown—how nice that all must be.

Soon a home get of your own, where you and little wife
Live quite gay as months pass 'way, enjoy the best of life.
Aunts and cousins then come by dozens, stop for dinner and tea;
Don't mind at first, but when it gets worse—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

Then bills they come in by the score, doctors, bakers' many more;
Instead of rich, you're getting poor, and that you daily do see;
A dozen children, say, you've got, find as you come from your shop,
Your wife has skipped, left you the lot—how nice that all must be.

BROKEN HEARTS

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Words by James Thornton. Music by Andrew Mack.

This world is but the stage of life, the mighty Master said,
On which most men and women play, to earn their daily bread;
With lawyers, doctors, diplomats and preachers in the east,
Who fill the parts made vacant by their brothers who have passed.
The hypocrite he wears a mask, 'tis but for outward show,
And crime goes by unpunished, for blind justice oft is slow;
The millionaire and workingman play most important parts,
They form the two great factors in the play of "Broken Hearts."

CHORUS.

The first scene is a cottage, where the roof lets in the rain;
There's a father almost famished, there's a mother ill with pain,
There's the money king who orders their eviction, then departs.
That's the first scene I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

The next scene was a mansion in a land across the sea,
By acres wide surrounded, and the home of royalty;
Its owner is of noble birth and lord of his domains,
And boasted of the ancient blood that flow'd within his veins.
Now comes another character, a girl quite young in years,
Her face it wears troubled look, her cheeks are stained with tears;
She meets the young lord face to face, he turns pale, then he starts.
He met her in the first act of the play called "Broken Hearts."

CHORUS.

He promised he would marry her, she trustingly believed,
But when the day appointed came she found she'd been deceived;
Then the servants drive her from the door, in shame the girl departs.
That's another scene I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

Amid the sound of marriage bells a couple went their way,
A youth and maid, smiling sweet, for 'tis their wedding day.
They vow to love each other true along life's rough career;
A baby blessed their union ere they had been wed a year.
But sad, alas! One day to her the evil tempter came:
He told her he could lead her to the very gates of fame.
She left her husband and her child and fled to foreign parts.
In silence he forgoes her, in the play of "Broken Hearts."

CHORUS.

There's a husband sadly waiting, for his love will never die;
He tells his little daughter, mother's coming bye-and-bye.
He bows his head to hide the tears that to his eye-lids start.
That's the saddest scene I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

Now comes the grand finale upon which the curtain falls,
The scene it is a battle-field, nupt by cannon balls;
It is a field of carnage dire, with bloody corpses strewn;
The battle rages fierce and wild, but 'twill be ended soon.
The enemy have fled, and wounded soldiers shout with joy,
And there among their number lay a dying drummer boy;
A comrade lifts him tenderly, the lad these words imparts:
"Tell mother I died fighting in life's play of 'Broken Hearts.'"

CHORUS.

There's a poor, old, gray-haired mother waiting for her boy to come;
She is thinking of the morning when she buckled on his drum.
The news arrives her boy is dead—from this life she departs.
That's the last scene that I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

I DON'T WANT TO PLAY IN YOUR YARD

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Once there lived, side by side, two little maidens;
Used to dress just alike—hair down in braids,
Blue gingham pinafore, stockings of red,
Little sun-bonnets tied on each pretty head.
When school was over secrets they'd tell,
Whispering arm in arm down by the well;
One day a quarrel came, hot tears were shed—
"You can't play in our yard," but the other said:

CHORUS.

"I don't want to play in your yard, I don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see me sliding down our cellar door.
You can't holler down our rain-barrel, you can't climb our apple tree;
I don't want to play in your yard, if you won't be good to me."

Next day two little maidens each other miss,
Quarrels are soon made up, sealed with a kiss;
Then hand in hand again happy they go,
Friends all thro' life to be, they love each other so.
Soon school days pass away, sorrow and bliss,
But love remembers yet quarrels and kies,
In sweet dreams of childhood we hear the cry:
"You can't play in our yard," and the old reply:

CHORUS.

"I don't want to play in your yard, I don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see me sliding down our cellar door.
You can't holler down our rain-barrel, you can't climb our apple tree;
I don't want to play in your yard, if you won't be good to me."

Oh! How I Love Sweet Kathleen.

Words by CHAS. EDWARDS.

Music by GEO. C. EDWARDS.

Tempo di Valse.

1. With - in our flat there dwells a maid, She's - all the world to
2. To - geth - er spark - ing ev - 'ry night, You'll see us at the

me,..... And in my sleep I speak of her, And her sweet face I
door,..... In a lit - tle while you'll miss her smile, For we will stand

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The Girl I Love

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Words by George Dailey. Music by Andrew Mack.

There is a girl that I adore, she lives across the way;
Standing by her cottage gate I see her every day.
At night my thoughts oft wander in the tiny stars above,
I seem to see in every one the girl I love.

CHORUS.

The girl I love, the girl I love,
She seems to be in every tiny star above;
Every flower, sweet and rare, every bird that wings the air
Reminds me of the girl I love.

Tho' when you wander 'round the earth, or sail the deep blue sea,
Wingsome maidens you may meet, but none so fair as she.
My heart is just a peaceful nest to hold my gentle dove,
And soon I'll wed, with joy complete, the girl I love.—Chorus.

GIRL WANTED

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Words and Music by Gus C. Weinberg.

Jim Brown had just been married, he got a lovely spouse—
She said she'd do the cooking when they went keeping house;
She cooked a lovely dinner, with vegetables and meat;
He tried it, then he told her it was not fit to eat.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, and wifey is not cooking any more;
She said it was like mother used to make it—
He told her if it was she ought to shake it,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

The first girl was a pretty girl, with handsome form and face;
Brown fell in love, and so, of course, the girl secured the place;
Brown's wife was jealous of her charms, she thought something amiss;
She watched and saw her husband give that pretty girl a kiss.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that pretty girl ain't working any more.
You ought to see that pretty girl skedaddle;
He lost his hair and teeth during the battle;
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

The next girl was a country girl, her face would give one fright;
She lost her breath in trying to blow out electric lights.
She went to build a fire, and the wood was somewhat green,
And just to start it going, why, she poured on kerosene.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that country girl ain't working any more;
And now she's living up a little higher—
No more she's got to monkey with the fire,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

The next one was a colored girl, she was so awful fat,
And sported chicken feathers upon a gaudy hat—
That day she climbed two flights of stairs to get a piece of rope,
But when she reached the top, she stepped upon a piece of soap.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that colored girl ain't working any more;
Her funeral occurred next day at seven—
Another colored angel's up in heaven,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

Grover Cleveland was a neighbor, he thought he'd be in line—
One day they saw him fuss around in tacking up a sign;
Of course they all felt curious, they wondered what it said—
A crowd soon gathered 'round it, and this is what they read:
Boy wanted, boy wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Boy wanted, boy wanted, and Grover doesn't want girls any more.
A girl could never hold his proud position—
To have a boy has been his great ambition,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Boy Wanted."

The next girl was an actress, she'd been upon the stage—
She posed in living pictures when they were all the rage;
One day she put her costumes on for Brown's special delight,
And wifey, who had been down town, flew in and saw the sight.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that actress isn't working any more.
She nearly broke their home and all the fixtures,
For wifey drew the line at living pictures,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

EUNICE VANCE'S GREAT COMIC HIT:

And Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back.

As sung also with unbounded success by Miss MADGE ELLIS,
The Popular LIZZIE RAYMOND, and others.

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Written and Composed by Felix McGlemon and Monroe Rosenfeld.

There was once a simple maiden, came to New York on a trip,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
Her cheeks were like the roses, she'd a pout upon her lip,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
When she landed at the station here she took a little stroll,
At everything she wondered, till she lost her self-control;
Said she, "New York is quite a village, ain't it? Bless my soul!"
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.

CHORUS.

But, oh Jane! Doesn't look the same;
When she left the village she was shy,
But alas! and alack! She's gone back
With a naughty little twinkle in her eye.

She toddled down Broadway, a bashful smile upon her face,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
A bit of nice blue ribbon kept her ribbons in their place,
For her golden hair was hanging down her back.
Of course, she knew her manners, she'd been taught to be polite;
So when a gent said "Hein, good evening!" she said "Hein, good night!"
Said she, "I am a stranger here, I hope you'll treat me right."
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—Chorus.

She took his arm in confidence, she liked his pleasant ways,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
At all the dances passing by she stared in great amaze,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
She told him she was thirty: "Oh, all right," said he, "good biz."
He took her to Delmonico's and treated her to fizz;
Said she, "I think it's nicer than a glass of milk, it is."
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—Chorus.

They drank until the artless man so very wearily grew,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
She took his chalice and tickler, and his diamond breastpin, too,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
Then silently she left him as he沉murred in a chair,
Into the street she wandered with a very simple air—
She would have carried off the stove if there had been one there,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—Chorus.

Now, gentle folks, I warn you all to shun the simple maid,
When her golden hair is hanging down her back;
If any such you run across just don't you be afraid,
When her golden hair is hanging down her back.
Just skip the gutter, cross the street, or take another lane,
Or dodge the corner, take a cab, or catch a railway train;
And as you're flying up the street just sing her this refrain:
"Oh, your golden hair is hanging down your back.—Chorus.

KIND WORDS

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Words by John Butler. Music by J. F. Mahony.

Kind words are spoken never in vain;
No hearts are broken from their refrain;
Music to our ears, sweetest and best,
Through all the long years stored in the breast.

REFRAIN.

Kind words when spoken will cause us no sigh;
No homes have been broken underneath the sky;
No homes have been broken underneath the sky.

Kind words, oh, stranger! mem'ry will bring
You out of danger back to love's spring;
Dwell now and ever in our dear home,
Kind words will never cause us to roam.—Refrain.

Kind words will perish, not in the night,
Oh! how we cherish them with delight;
Brave manly token, not cruel and cold,
Live on unbroken when we are old.—Refrain.

THE LITTLE TOY DRUM.

Song and Chorus.

Words and Music by CHAS. GRAHAM.

Moderato.

Intro.



The introduction consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, 3/4 time, and the bottom staff is in bass clef, 3/4 time. The music begins with a forte dynamic (mf) and consists of eighth-note chords.



The first line of the song consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, 2/4 time, and the bottom staff is in bass clef, 2/4 time. The music consists of eighth-note chords.

1. "Now Pa - pa," said Ben - ny "please tell us a - gain, The tale of the lit - tle toy
2. The rub - a - dub - dub, of his drum could be heard, A - way in the front and in -



The second line of the song consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, 2/4 time, and the bottom staff is in bass clef, 2/4 time. The music consists of eighth-note chords.



The third line of the song consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, 2/4 time, and the bottom staff is in bass clef, 2/4 time. The music consists of eighth-note chords.

drum, mamma keeps," "Twas your un - cle's, 'he said' boy, who went to the war, In a spot far a -
spir - ing the men, But one day it was si - lent, we found him that night, With the drum by his



The fourth line of the song consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, 2/4 time, and the bottom staff is in bass clef, 2/4 time. The music consists of eighth-note chords.

The Girl I Love

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Words by George Dailey. Music by Andrew Mack.

There is a girl that I adore, she lives across the way;
Standing by her cottage gate I see her every day.
At night my thoughts oft wander to the tiny stars above,
I seem to see in every one the girl I love.

CHORUS.

The girl I love, the girl I love,
She seems to be in every tiny star above;
Every flower, sweet and rare, every bird that wings the air
Reminds me of the girl I love.

Tho' when you wander 'round the earth, or sail the deep blue sea,
Wingsome maidens you may meet, but none so fair as she.
My heart is just a peaceful nest to hold my gentle dove,
And soon I'll wed, with joy complete, the girl I love.—*Chorus.*

GIRL WANTED

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Words and Music by Gus C. Weinberg.

Jim Brown had just been married, he got a lovely spouse—
She said she'd do the cooking when they went keeping house;
She cooked a lovely dinner, with vegetables and meat;
He tried it, then he told her it was not fit to eat.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, and wifey is not cooking any more;
She said it was like mother used to make it—
He told her if it was she ought to shake it,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

The first girl was a pretty girl, with handsome form and face;
Brown fell in love, and so, of course, the girl secured the place;
Brown's wife was jealous of her charms, she thought something amiss;
She watched and saw her husband give that pretty girl a kiss.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that pretty girl ain't working any more.
You ought to see that pretty girl skedaddle;
He lost his hair and teeth during the battle;
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

The next girl was a country girl, her face would give one frights;
She lost her breath in trying to blow out electric lights.
She went to build a fire, and the wood was somewhat green,
And just to start it going, why, she poured on kerosene.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that country girl ain't working any more;
And now she's living up a little higher—
No more she's got to monkey with the fire,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

The next one was a colored girl, she was so awful fat,
And sported chicken feathers upon a gaudy hat—
That day she climbed two flights of stairs to get a piece of rope,
But when she reached the top, she stepped upon a piece of soap.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that colored girl ain't working any more;
Her funeral occurred next day at seven—
Another colored angel's up in heaven,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

Grover Cleveland was a neighbor, he thought he'd be in line—
One day they saw him fuss around in tacking up a sign;
Of course they all felt curious, they wondered what it said—
A crowd soon gathered 'round it, and this is what they read:
Boy wanted, boy wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Boy wanted, boy wanted, and Grover doesn't want girls any more.
A girl could never hold his proud position—
To have a boy has been his great ambition,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Boy Wanted."

The next girl was an actress, she'd been upon the stage—
She posed in living pictures when they were all the rage,
One day she put her costumes on for Brown's special delight,
And wifey, who had been down town, flew in and saw the sight.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that actress isn't working any more.
She nearly broke their home and all the fixtures,
For wifey drew the line at living pictures,
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Written and Composed by Felix McGivern and Monroe Rosenfeld.

There was once a simple maiden, came to New York on a trip,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
Her cheeks were like the roses, she'd a pout upon her lip,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
When she landed at the station here she took a little stroll,
At everything she wondered, till she lost her self-control;
Said she, "New York is quite a village, ain't it? Bless my soul!"
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.

CHORUS.

But, oh Janet Doesn't look the same;
When she left the village she was shy,
But aise and slack! She's gone back
With a naughty little twinkle in her eye.

She toddled down Broadway, a bashful smile upon her face,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
A bit of nice fine ribbon kept her ringlets in their place,
For her golden hair was hanging down her back.
Of course, she knew her manners, she'd been taught to be polite;
So when a gent said "Hem, good evening!" she said "Hem, good night!"
Said she, "I am a stranger here, I hope you'll treat me right."
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—*Chorus.*

She took his arm in confidence, she liked his pleasant ways,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
At all the dame-sis parading by she stared in great amaze,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
She told him she was thirsty: "Oh, all right," said he, "good biz."
He took her to Delmonico's and treated her to fizz;
Said she, "I think it's nice than a glass of milk, it is."
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—*Chorus.*

They drank until the artless man so very weary grew,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
She took his chain and ticker, and his diamond breastpin, too,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
Then silently she left him as he沉bered in a chair,
Into the street she wandered with a very simple air—
She would have carried off the stove if there had been one there,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—*Chorus.*

Now, gentle folks, I warn you all to shun the simple maid,
When her golden hair is hanging down her back;
If any such you run across just don't you be afraid,
When her golden hair is hanging down her back.
Just skip the gutter, cross the street, or take another lane,
Or dodge the corner, take a cab, or catch a railway train;
And as you're flying up the street just sing her this refrain:
"Oh, your golden hair is hanging down your back.—*Chorus.*

KIND WORDS

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Words by John Butler. Music by J. F. Mahony.

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Music to our ears, sweetest and best,
Through all the long years stored in the breast.

REFRAIN.

Kind words when spoken will cause us no sigh;
No homes have been broken underneath the sky;
No homes have been broken underneath the sky.

Kind words, oh, stranger! mem'ry will bring
You out of danger back to love's spring;
Dwell now and ever in our dear home,
Kind words will never cause us to roam.—*Refrain.*

Kind words will perish, not in the night,
Oft how we cherish them with delight;
Brave manly token, not cruel and cold,
Live on unbroken when we are old.—*Refrain.*

THE LITTLE TOY DRUM.

Song and Chorus.

Words and Music by CHAS. GRAHAM.

Moderato.

Intro. 



1. "Now Pa - pa," said Ben - ny "please tell us a - gain, The tale of the lit - tle toy
2. The rub - a - dub - dub, of, his drum could be heard, A - way in the front and in -



drum, mamma keeps," "Twas your un - cle's, 'he said' boy, who went to the war, In a spot far a -
spir - ing the men, But one day it was si - lent, we found him that night, With the drum by his



I Lost Her at the Masquerade.

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Words and Music by W. J. Melbourne.

The scene is one of child and father, at the closing of the day, Seated in a rustic arbor. "My only comfort," he would say. At his feet his little daughter, old enough to wonder why, Begged for him to tell the story how it was her mamma died: 'Twas many years he'd kept the secret—shielding honor and her name. The wife he loved had broke her vows, he never wished to see her again, And so he told his child the story—"Mamma was the season's rage; I trusted her one winter's eve, and lost her at the masquerade."

CHORUS.

Only at the masquerade, only promise me, my love, Only while my life remains, my companion be; Many have left a happy home before they were of age; My little dear, don't leave me here to join the masquerade.

Your mamma was the village queen, and her beauty something grand; The tempter came, she went away with him to a distant foreign land. No letter came—I waited home, my head in grief it was bowed down, Then my doom among the mail, the fatal missive there I found; I don't regret, my dear little pet, at what I have told to you. Perhaps in life you'll be a wife—if so, always try and be true. My entire fortune you'll receive when I am dead and you're of age, But promise me before I die that you will shun the masquerade."—Chorus.

THE LITTLE BUNCH OF WHISKERS ON HIS CHIN.

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Words by Wm. Jerome. Music by Andrew Mack.

A jay came to the city once to see the funny sights, With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin; He'd heard about the cable cars and grand electric lights, With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin. Says he, "I'll take in ev'rything, have all the fun I can." As he got off the cars the sharpers after him they ran, And quickly then in tow they had this little country man, With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.

CHORUS.

Reuben Glue thought he knew a thing or two, Said that he would surely like the place, Whoa! But he went back to the town of Hackensack, With a very funny look upon his face.

He went into a restaurant to get a bite to eat, With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin; He was as welcome in there as he was out in the street, With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin. He ate a plate of pork and beans, and when he went to pay, The man charged him five dollars. "That's too much," old Rube did say. "I know it is," the man said, "but I need the cash to-day." And he pulled the little whiskers on his chin.

CHORUS.

Reuben Glue got the huckleberry doo, Said he knew he wouldn't like the place. Whoa! And he went back to the town of Hackensack, With a very funny look upon his face.

Into a poker game he sat, to pass the time away, With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin; A "jackpot" it was opened and old Reuben says, "I'll stay," With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin. And when it came to drawing cards, old Reuben he took one; Says he, "I'll show these city sharpers a little bit of fun." Old Reuben held four aces, but the sharper held a gun At the little bunch of whiskers on his chin.

CHORUS.

Reuben Glue from the table quickly flew, Said he knew he wouldn't like the place. Whoa! And he went back to the town of Hackensack, With a very funny look upon his face.

He went into a beer saloon to try and quench his thirst, With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin; The gang inside got fighting about which one saw him first, With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin. They nailed his shoes down to the floor, he couldn't get away, For all the drinks they had that night old Reuben had to pay; They pulled his leg so hard, he had to buy a crutch next day, Also had to cut the whiskers off his chin.

CHORUS.

Reuben Glue didn't do a thing to you, Said he knew he wouldn't like the place. Whoa! Then he hopped back to the town of Hackensack, But he hadn't any whiskers on his face.

MAGGIE MOONEY.

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

On a moonlight night, when the stars shone bright, and ev'rything was still, Sat a little boy and a maiden coy on a bench beside a mill. Now this little queen she was just sixteen, and the boy's age was the same; You would seldom meet a girl more sweet, and I'll tell you her name:

CHORUS.

She is pretty Maggie Mooney, she's the girl for me; I call on her each evening, just to keep her company. You all may have your sweethearts, and girls of high degree, But none can equal my own Maggie Mooney.

Ev'ry morning she goes to work with me, I meet her at her door; Then she'll wait for me at the mill, you see, when her daily task is o'er. Then it's home we'll trot to her little cot, in a quiet, shady lane; I have often said, when we get wed she'll never work again.—Chorus.

I'M GWINE TO MARRY MISSA TRUSCALINA BROWN.

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Words and Music by Jas. E. Sullivan. Arranged by Henry S. Sawyer.

There's a happy time a-comin' in de sweet by an' by, Tell all de niggers not to tarry; There'll be lots o' ginger cake, wine an' punkin pie, As much as dey kin carry, For I'm gwine to marry Miss Truscalina Brown. She's de envy ob de ladies; all de colored gals in town Am crazy on their faces, ev'ry one an' got a frown, For I'm a-gwine to marry Missa Truscalina Brown.

REFRAIN.

Den ring dat golden bell, ring dat golden bell; Tell de colored population, tell de whole united nation, For to call de little children from de dell, Ring dat golden bell, ring dat golden bell; O, hallelujah, glory! put on my crown, For I'm gwine to marry Missa Truscalina Brown.

There's a heap o' trouble waitin' for de big yaller coon Dat dures on his life to pull a razah; Ev'ry one's a gentlemenn, dat's on de invitation, For to bar out little Johnny Frazah. Den won't it be a great sight at de church o' Zion? In my dandy suit ob weddin' close I'll be de social lion, De coons wid envy turrin' white an' all de wenches a ghlin', For ev'rybody at de bride to kiss her da'll be tryin'.—Refrain.

MY PEARL'S A BOWERY GIRL.

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Words by Wm. Jerome. Music by Andrew Mack.

Of course, ev'ry boy has a sweetheart, And some boys they have two or three; Of all the girls in this great city There is only one "in it" with me. She lives with her folks on the Bowery, A few doors away from Canal, And helps to support her old mother, Does my little Bow'ry gal.

CHORUS.

My pearl is a Bow'ry girl, She's all the world to me; She's "in it" with any the girls 'round the town, And a "corking good-looker," see? At Walhalla Hall, why, she kills them all, As waltzing together we twirl; She sets them all crazy, a "spleier," a "daisy," For my pearl's a Bow'ry girl.

In summer we go down to "Coney's," Together we stroll 'long the beach, And sometimes we go in the ocean, For at swimming, you bet, she's a "peach." The other boys of me are jealous, But with me, why, that "cuts no ice." I'm going to lead pearl to the altar, As soon as I gets the price.—Chorus.

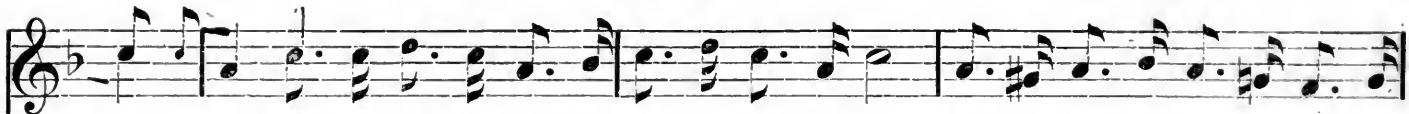
WALKING ON DE RAINBOW IN DE SKY.

Ethiopian Song and Chorus.

Words by CHAS. EDWARDS.

Music by GEO. C. EDWARDS.

Tempo di Schottische.



1. I went up to Heav-en, Pe-ter wouldn't let me in, Walk-ing on de rain-bow in de
2. A big fat nig-ger, and his name was Sam-uel Right, Walk-ing on de rain-bow in de
3. When it rains up in Heav-en all de nig-gers have to work, Walk-ing on de rain-bow in de



sky. He said, "No nig-ger, you're load-ed down with sin,
sky; As black as coal, and al-ways full of fight,
sky; A hose in your hand, you wear a big red shirt,



CARRIE.

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Words by Wm. B. Glenroy. Music by Henry Lamb.

Come, boys, and listen; don't turn away,
While I tell of a belle so neat and gay—
These words were spoken to his chums by Ned,
And, with a laugh, a photograph he showed them and said:

CHORUS.

That's my darling Carrie, the girl I mean to marry;
Every evening, just at eight, standing by the garden gate
With my darling Carrie, so happily we tarry;
Oh, what bliss in just one kiss from Carrie.

Each lad pronounced her handsome and fair;
Some one said, when you're wed we'll all be there.
Now, boys, you know her, softly murmured Ned,
And pointing to the picture fair, he smiled as he said:—*Chorus.*

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Words by Thos. LeMack. Music by Andrew Mack.

As two fond lovers chanced to stray beneath the sun's bright ray,
With fondest love-light beaming in their eyes,
To a quiet shade, it seemed that nature made,
For him to woo and win his pretty prize.
The flowers all seemed to be courting and to lover's ways resorting,
There within his mind a thought arose,
And the action of the flowers that grew in nature's bower
Had imbued it with a courage to propose.

CHORUS.

Those were golden hours, cherished in love's memory;
The flowers seemed contented, all in peaceful harmony.
Watching flowers making love, quite contented he says,
"Love, I'll be true to thee."—[Dance.]

The pretty morning-glory to the pink had told the story,
How its heart was set to marry it some day;
Lovely, blushing rose lacked courage to propose
Till daff-did had cheered it in his way.
The pretty dandelion for some one to love was sighing,
While the violet seemed prone to shrink its fate;
And the rose and pink carnation held lover's consultation,
While the lily claimed the tulip for its mate.—*Chorus.*

THE FATAL WEDDING.

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Words by W. H. Windom. Music by Gussie L. Davis.

The wedding bells were ringing on a moonlight winter's night,
The church was decorated, all within was gay and bright;
A mother with her baby came and saw the lights aglow;
She thought of how those same bells chimed for her three years ago!
"I'd like to be admitted, sir," she told the sexton old,
"Just for the sake of baby, to protect him from the cold."
He told her that the wedding there was for the rich and grand,
And with the eager, watching crowd, outside she'd have to stand.

REFRAIN.

While the wedding bells were ringing, while the bride and groom were there,
Marching up the aisle together, as the organ pealed an air;
Telling tales of fond affection, vowing never more to part,
Just another fatal wedding, just another broken heart.

She begged the sexton once again to let her pass inside—
For baby's sake you may step in the gray-haired man replied.
"If any one knows reason why this couple should not wed,
Speak now, or hold your peace forever," soon the preacher said.
"I must object," the woman cried, with voice so sleek and mild,
"The bridegroom is my husband, sir, and this our little child."
"What proof have you," the preacher asked. "My infant," she replied.
She raised her babe, then knelt to pray, the little one had died.—*Refrain.*

The parents of the bride then took the outcast by the arm—
We'll care for you through life, they said; you've saved our child from harm;
The outcast wife, the bride and parents, quickly drove away;
The husband died by his own hand before the break of day.
No wedding feast was spread that night, two graves were made next day—
One for the little baby, and one the father lay.
The story has been often told, by firesides warm and bright,
Of bride and groom, of outcast, and the fatal wedding night.—*Refrain.*

SEEING JENNIE HOME.

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Words and Music by Geo. C. Edwards. Arranged by F. W. Meacham.

I have an only Jennie, she is most wondrous fair,
And ev'ry day I meet her on the corner of the square;
Then arm in arm together we are happy as we roam,
And so sweetly ends the evening in seeing Jennie home.

CHORUS.

Seeing Jennie home, oh, what joy it gives me;
Heart so true, eyes so blue, golden hair has my Jennie.
Seeing Jennie home, oh, what joy it gives me;
Ev'ry night 'tis my delight seeing Jennie home.

Just seventeen is Jennie, she is so shy and coy,
With smile she always greets me, and it fills my heart with joy;
No wonder I am envied when with Jennie dear I roam,
And alone have all the pleasure of seeing Jennie home.—*Chorus.*

The time seems long in coming when marriage bells will ring,
And birds, the pleasure sharing, in the trees will sweetly sing;
When the wedding march resounding like the chorus of a poem,
And on my arm so proudly I'll take my Jennie home.—*Chorus.*

The Christening of Maggie's Baby.

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Words and Music by Low H. Carroll.

Just three years ago pretty Maggie Maguire
Was married to Michael McGee;
They have a sweet baby the neighbors admire,
As cute as the cutest could be;
The night that they christened the dear little lad,
The parents with happiness smiled;
They welcomed their friends as they entered the cottage,
And sang to the health of the child.

CHORUS.

Baby, you're your papa's joy, and you are your mamma's darling,
Sweet as a rose, with a nice little nose, we hug and caress you,
With kiss we bless you, so rock-a-bye baby that's on the tree-top,
Tut-tut-lu lu by, with joy and delight we were singing all night,
At the Christening of Maggie's baby.

Before Maggie wed she was greatly admired
By every young lad in the place;
Her ways were so modest, her voice sweet and gentle,
The picture of health was her face;
The boys who had many times asked for her hand
Were present, and pleasantly smiled;
They wished both the mother and father good fortune,
And sang to the dear little child.—*Chorus.*

AND THE PARROT SAID.

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Words and Music by Percy Paxton. Sung by Mr. Charles J. Stine.

I lingered by a cottage door, and a parrot said, "Come in, come in,"
And a parrot said, "Come in"; the door was open, I walked in,
And I saw standing there a maiden with a dimpled chin,
A-combing her back hair, back hair, a-combing her back hair;
A great surprise was in her eyes, but still she did not frown,
And as I smiled at that dear child, the parrot said, "Sit down, sit down."
And the parrot said, "Sit down."

I sat down in her father's chair, and the parrot said, "Kiss her, kiss her,"
And the parrot said, "Kiss her"; and as the maiden did not speak,
Says I, by Jove, I will; the blush which mantled to her cheek
Made her more lovely still, still, still, made her more lovely still,
And as in haste I grasped her waist, she cried out, No, no, no!
It was so nice, I kissed her twice, and the parrot said, "Let go, let go,"
And the parrot said, "Let go."

Her father then came rushing in, and the parrot said, "Sneak out, sneak out,"
And the parrot said, "Sneak out." Her father's voice was like a rasp,
And swearing he began; then I experienced the grasp,
The grasp of an honest man, man, man, the grasp of an honest man;
He hit two blows upon my nose—I feel them to this day;
As out I flew, he kicked me too, and the parrot said, "Good-day, good-day,"
And the parrot said, "Good-day."

Spoken.

HE GOT THE RINKEY DINK.

Comic Song and Chorus.

Words by CHAS. EDWARDS.

Tempo di Marcia, Moderato.

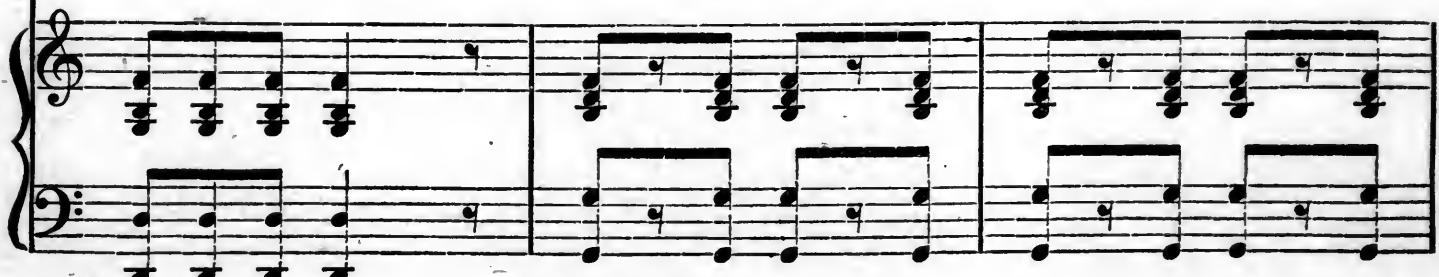
Music by GEO. C. EDWARDS.



1. A maid en fair with mill ions there, a young man gay and
2. A young man who was home ward bound one love ly day in
3. For a fine wife that was ad ver-tised, an old man called one
4. I met a man with ring in hand, and to me he did



bright,..... Thought that he would pro pose to her one
May,..... And chanced to look, a pock et book, how
day,..... And young, so fair, with gold en hair, to
say,..... I found this ring, it's a grand thing, buy



McNally's Old Back Yard.

Words by CHAS. EDWARDS.

Tempo di Valse.

Music by GEO. C. EDWARDS.



1. Right a - cross the Brook - lyn bridge, On the east side of the
2. Sum - mer's night, when the moon shines bright, The man in the moon sees



town;..... Lit - tle Joe, he will meet his beau, And he
all,..... John - nie Dean plays the con - cer - tine, Nel - lie



THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE THE OLD HOME AFTER ALL.

Words and Music by WALTER P. KEEN.

Andante Moderato.



1. When I left school long years a - go I was a way - ward child, I
2. In ma - ny for - eign lands I've been since I be - gan to roam, Yet



took de - light in an - y sport which hap - pened to be wild, Kind
I have met no friends who could com - pare with those at home, Their



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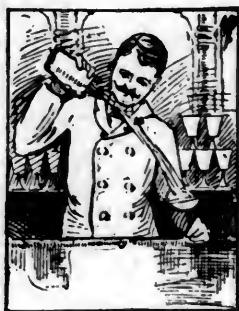
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